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SOME REFLECTIONS IN SHAKESPEAREAN PLACES.

ON one of the most blustery days of last spring, we made a pilgrimage to St. Albans and Gorhambury. The Abbey Church was duly described by an able writer in BACONIANA for March, 1897, and we felt that a little article on St. Michael's, Gorhambury, might not be amiss in this October issue. We walked up the hill, straight past the Abbey, and down to the mill on the "*Ver*," which river we had to cross. Five minutes then took us to the quaint old Church of St. Michael's, fit place of sepulchre for our greatest sage.

The square tower was being restored, and the scaffolding and noise of workmen's hammers did much to destroy the charm of the scene; but as we waited in the churchyard, a bright gleam of sun burst out, illuminating the old yew trees, and gilding the tips of the budding beech branches, till they reminded us of the candlesticks of the Tabernacle, "and the knops and the branches shall be of pure gold." The churchyard was most disgracefully kept, and the abundance of wooden "gate tombs" add to the general effect of dilapidation. We prowled round in hopes of finding some interesting tomb *outside* the Church, but our labours were only rewarded by one rather quaint distich, on a tomb erected to a man of 79 :—

"God came into the garden, but could not find
No other aged flower, but only mine;
But since by Christ 'tis ordered so,
I will prepare myself to go."

Before writing our own impressions of the *inside* of the Church, we

think it would be interesting to note what writers on Hertfordshire have said on the subject. *Weever* and *Chauncy*, are both at this present date rare and valuable, so the lengthy quotations we make from them require no apology.

Weever, writing in 1631, five years after the death of Francis Bacon, only touches on him thus :—

On page 477, speaking of Henry VII., he says, “Whosoever would know further of this king, let him read his history, wherein he is delineated to the life, by the matchless and never enough admired penne of that famous, learned and eloquent Knight, Sir Francis Bacon not long since deceased.” Then on page 583, speaking of Sir Nicholas, he says, “Father of Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, lately deceased, one that might challenge as his due, all the best attributes of learning ;” and again, “Noe lesse here worthie of praise for his many excellent good parts, was his sonne, who followed the father’s steps ; I meane Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, lately deceased.”

Sir Henry Chauncy, himself a Hertfordshire man, writes his history in 1700. He must have known people who knew Francis Bacon, but he is very reticent about him.

In his notes on the Bacon family, he says, “Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, who was descended from an ancient family in the county of Suffolk, . . . he married Anne, second daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke, a choice lady, eminent for piety, vertue and learning, exquisitely skilled for a woman, in the Greek and Latin tongues ; by whom he had issue two sons, Anthony and Francis.” *Chauncy* here inserts a panegyric on Sir Nicholas, ending up thus :—

“He chose for his motto, ‘*Mediocria firma*,’ and made it the rule of his practice, and died on the 20th of February, 1579, and was buried in the Quire of St. Paul. This pleasant seat (*i.e.* Gorchamby), he conveyed to *Anthony*, his eldest son, by his second venter, who was very eminent for his wit ; but dying in the prime of his years without issue, it descended to *Francis*, his brother, whom he entirely loved, they two being all the male issue of their mother. This *Francis* was the glory of his age and nation, whose primary years past not away without some mark of eminency, and the pregnancy of his wit presaged that deep and universal apprehension, which made him known to

several persons of great honour and place, especially the Queen, who, saith my author,* delighted to confer with him, to prove him with questions."

"He married Alice, one of the daughters and co-heirs to Benedict Barham, Alderman of London, with whom he had a fair fortune, but no children to perpetuate his memory; however, his learned works, being composed for the most part in the five last years of his life, will preserve it to posterity."

"He visited the Earl of *Arundel* in his house in *Highgate*, near London, and died there about a week after, on *Easter Day*, being the ninth day of April, Anno. 1626, and was buried in the north side of the chancel in St. Michael's Church, in St. Albans, according to the directions of his will, because the body of his mother lay interred there, and that it was the only church remaining in the precinct of *old Verulam*, where he hath a monument of white marble representing his full body in a contemplative posture sitting in a chair, erected by Sir Thomas Meautys, Kt."

We then turn from the Bacon family to Chauncy's account of St. Michael's Church, whose Vicar at that date (1700) was one John Cole. So many things noted by him have almost, or entirely, disappeared, that we think it wise to quote all he says about the church.

"The Church of St. Michael is situated in the North-West part of this town (*i.e.*, St. Albans), and cover'd with lead; at the west end thereof is a square tower, wherein hang four bells; and Anno. 26 H. VIII., it was valued in the King's Books at £10 1s. 2d. per annum, and within this Church are several monuments and marble which have these inscriptions:—

"John Pecocke et Mawd sa femme gisant ici.

E. Dieu de sont almes eit mercy. Amen.

Hic jacet Thomas Wolven (or Wolvey) atomus in arte, nec non Armiger illustrissimi Principes Ricardi secundi, quondam Regis Angliæ: qui obiit An. Dom. 1430 in vigilia Sancti Thomæ Martyris, Cujus Animæ propitiatur Deus. Amen."

* Chauncy does not say who this is; probably Rawley.

It seems by this inscription that this man was the Master Mason or Surveyor of the King's Stone Works, as also Esquire to the King's Person.

Hic jacet Ricardus Wolvey (or Wolven) Lathonius filius Johannis Wolven cum Uxoribus suis Agnete et Agnete et cum octo filiis et decem filiabus suis qui Ricardus ob : an : 1494 quorum animabus.

Vertitur in cineres isto sub marmor corpus Willielmi Lili spiritus astra petit. Quisquis es, hoc facies supplex pia nomina poscas.

Ut sihi concedat regnax viata poli.

Here is my Lord *Bacon's* Effigies in Alabaster, sitting in an elbow chair, leaning on his elbow, in a musing posture, in a nitch in the wall on the north side the chancel, and his feet on a pedestal on a marble altar. Tomb invironed with an iron rail.

H. P.

Francisc Bacon, Baro de Verulam, Sanct. Albani Viceco,

Sen notioribus Titulis.

Scientiarum Lumen, Facundiæ Lex.

Sic sebevat :

Qui post quam omnia naturalis sapientiæ.

Et civilis Arcana evolvisset,

Naturæ Decretum explevit.

Composita Solvantur.

Anno Dom : MDCXXVI.

Etat LXVI.

Tanti viri.

Mem.

Thomas Meautys.

Superstitis Cultor.

Defuncti Admirator. ”

In the body of the church on the floor :—

“ Here lieth the body of George Grimston, Esq., Son and Heir apparent of the Honorable Sir *Harbottle Grimston*, Bar., Master of

the Rolls. A gentleman full of piety and humility, dutiful to his parents, loving and beloved, his person and comportment both worthy observation, of a comely shape, and most persuasive behaviour, but death put a period to his growing hopes in the 23rd year of his age."

In the body of the church on the floor :—

"Here lieth Henry Gape and Florence his wife,
Who out of this world changed this life
In the month of September the seventh day,
The year of Salvation 1558, the truth to say
Whose soul we wish as Love doth bind
In heaven with Christ a place to find."

In the south Isle in the Wall in Memorial of John Maynard,
Esq. :—

(The two first lines so razed they are not legible.)

"In Faith most firm to God, most loyal to the Crown ;
Learned in the Law, first Steward of St. Albans Town,
Him fairer Arms in Heaven God's Angels have emblaz'd.
Never shall his Christian name out of God's books be razed.
He died October 20th, 1556, anno 3 et 4
Regis Phil. et Regina Mariæ."

In the body of the church on the floor:—

Exuviae
Gratissimæ Cœlis Animæ,
Margrettæ Lowe
Quæ
Primo Rowlando Knight, Mercatori Londoniensi
Sui vineam peperit Filiam
Dein Georgio Lowe, Hospitii Lincolnensis, Armig
Honoratissimo Domino Harbottello Grimston Baronet
Sacrorum Magistro a Secretis
Castissimo juncta est Connubio ;
Conjugium tam congrue annexum,
Ut credetur ex istis vinculis
Firmior nasci Libertas.

Adeo in illius vultu illuxit Sinceritas, in verbis Fides
 Solita in moribus undequaque Symetria.
 Intra Alacritatem severa,
 Intra severitatem alacris,
 Odia subegit Innocentia
 Innocentiam prudentia præmunivit
 Constans virtutum Cultrix, ac Ornamentum
 De Fortuna ultra sexum triumphavit infractus animus
 Ite viri vimemini
 Hoc in perennem Memoriam G. Lowe
 Conjux maestissimus
 P. D. C.
 Obiit Marti 29 An. Dom. MDCLXXIII.

So far Chauncy. *Salmon*, writing in 1726, has a great deal to say on the subject of Sir Francis Bacon, for most of which I must refer my readers to his "History of Hertfordshire," contenting myself with the following quotation, which bears on the monument in St. Michael's :—

"Sir Thomas Meautys, in gratitude and friendship to his deceased Lord, erected a monument for him, sitting in his chair, which is in *St. Michael's Church*. But either his own design or the carver's mistake have showed him to disadvantage. Had the figure represented him giving out the oracles of the law, or pronouncing the aphorisms his writings contain, or, in the ancient and more decent posture, lying with his hands in a supplicating manner, denoting future expectations, it had given us a more lively image of this great genius. *That we have* shows him as we may suppose he looked when he received the answer of Lord Brook's butler. He need not have been set up to move the tears of a pitying age, who could stand the censure of a wise one. Fortitude, with but an inch of her broken pillar, would have better become him, and, if we judge by his writings, he was no coward; if he was, he was at least *splendide mendax*. The picture of a worthy man, or a friend, is a desirable thing, but not to look at him with pain : to have him drawn with distorted muscles in a fit of the stone."

So much for the artistic feelings of the time of his Hanoverian Majesty, George I.!

So far, no writer has said much, as the reader may have noted, about the *structure* of St. Michael's, though to the archæologist the *building* would possess more interest than the monuments. For information about the *carcase* we must turn to Cussans, who writes in 1881, and has a great deal to say on the subject. He begins thus :—

“There is strong reason to believe that the present church, standing as it does within the walls of ancient Verulam, occupies the site of a heathen temple. The church is in the midst of extensive buildings, for, though the churchyard has been used for centuries, there are many parts on all sides of the church where it is almost impossible to dig a grave, by reason of the solid masonry beneath the surface.

“The old roadway (called in maps of last century ‘The London and Holyhead Road’), which is some eight or ten feet lower than the surface of the churchyard, is carried at intervals for some distance on solid Roman walls, which proves that at this spot it was not constructed until long after the departure of the Romans.

“St. Michael's Church is built of flint, largely intermixed with Roman tiles taken from the ruins of ancient Verulam. It consists of chancel, nave, north aisle, south chapel, and porch and tower. Probably, where the chancel now stands an early Saxon church was built on the site of a still earlier heathen temple.*

“[Mathew Paris tells us that Ulsinus, 6th Abbott of St. Albans, built the three churches dedicated to St. Michael, St. Stephen, and St. Peter about the year 950. It is probable, however, that a Christian church stood on the site of St. Michael's before the time of Ulsinus.]

“That it was greatly enlarged about the year 1080, by adding the present nave; that about a century later the aisles were added, and that subsequently the chancel, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt.

* This theory of Cussans is apparently disproved by the fact that, during these recent excavations at St. Michael's, the workmen have discovered, seven feet below the present ground level, a line of solid Roman masonry, which runs at an angle of 45 degrees up to the church, where the west wall of the north aisle meets the nave. For this late information we must thank the editor of “Middlesex and Herts Notes and Queries,” April, 1897.

"The north aisle communicates with the nave by three round-headed arches, resting on solid piers; on the south are four similar arches; the first and second communicating with the chapel; the third, partially built up, and pierced with a pointed doorway, leading to the porch; and the fourth wholly built up. The Norman nave was originally lit by twelve small round-headed windows, six on each side, set high up in the walls.

"These windows, nearly all of which still remain, were solidly built up previous to the seven large arches being pierced, and clerestory windows inserted above.

"The present south chapel, or aisle, could not have been built until after the clerestory windows were inserted, for over the two large bays which that chapel occupies, these windows are under the chapel roof, and afford no light to the church. It is curious to note that these windows are somewhat higher than the others, which seems to indicate that an earlier chapel which stood there had a higher roof than the rest of the aisles, but not so high as the present roof.

"At the last end of this chapel are two long and narrow early English windows, with a wide interval between them. A continuous hood moulding being carried over the two windows, and the space between, gives the impression that it was originally a three-light window, and that the central, and largest light, has been built up, but careful examination demonstrated that such was not the case. If any proof were required that this annex was a chapel it is to be found in the piscina, in the south wall, and in the round hagioscope in the west wall.

"The communion table in the chancel stands on the old altar slab, which was found in 1866 in the south chapel, reversed with an inscription on it to the family of Smith.

"The antiquity and the interesting architecture of the church are undoubtedly its great features, but the majority of visitors are more attracted by the marble statue of Sir Francis Bacon, which of itself is well worth a journey from London to see.

"The statue is in a round-headed niche in the north wall, too high to be seen with advantage from the floor. The Lord Chancellor, in his robes of office, is seated in a high backed chair; his head slightly reclining on his left hand, the elbow resting in an arm of the chair.

"There is a copy of the statue in the South Kensington Museum, and another at Cambridge; in the latter copy the large hat worn by the Chancellor is omitted."

Here follows the inscription of this and the other monuments. The only points worthy of note are that *Cussans* makes *no* mention of an iron rail, nor of its removal, and that his version of the inscription differs from that of Chauncy and is the correct one; unless it was different in Chauncy's day. The differences are of the slightest, only a letter or two, but if cryptographers wish to try what can be made out of the inscription, which is a very remarkable one, let them look at *both* "*Histories of Hertfordshire*."

Cussans proceeds, "On the south side of the chancel is a piscina, with a small credence; and in the same wall is a hagioscope from the chapel. By an entry in the Register of John of Wheathamstead, it appears that there was formerly a house annexed to the Church in which the anchoret or caretaker of the church lived. I am inclined to think that the anchoret's house was on the south side of the present chancel; and that an opening in the wall, now built up, was made so that the anchoret, when in his chamber, could command a view of the altar, and of the valuables upon and near it." "In a small widely splayed window on the north of the chancel are three shields of arms removed from Gorhambury some years ago. The first shield contains the arms of *Grimston*, with the Badge of Ulster.

"The second *Grimston* impaling, Gules, on a Fess argent, a Mullet Sable, between six Martlets of the second for *Crooke*; the third shield, Quarterly of 4, I. and IV. Gules on a chief argent, two Mullets Sable, for *Bacon*, II. and IV. Barry of 6, or and azure, a Bend Gules for *Quaplade*; impaling Quarterly of 7, I., or, a Chevron chequé Gules and azure between three cinquefoils of the last for *Cooke*: II. Sable a Fess between three Pheons argent, for *Malpas*; III. Azure, three eagles displayed in bend, cotised argent for *Belknap*; IV. or, a double-headed eagle displayed sable, on the breast, a Fleur-de-lys argent; V., Gules a fess chequé argent and sable between six Crosses-crosslet fitché of the second; VI., or, two Bendlets Gules; VII. Bendy of 10, or and azure.

"In the tower are six good bells, thus inscribed (note that Chauncy had only 4):

"1, 2, and 3, S. K., 1739.

"4, Robert Callin hung us all, 1739.

"5, Samuell Knight made me, 1739.

"6, G. and C. Mears, Founders, London, 1845."

The Commissioners appointed in the last year of Edward VI. to make an inventory of all the goods and furniture then remaining in the parish churches of Hertfordshire, made the following return for St. Mychaelles :—

Imprimis iiij or Belles in the steple and a Sance Bell.

Itm a Challise of Silver parcell guilt poz xvj onces.

Itm one Cope Blew Vellet.

Itm ij other old coppes of

Itm ij vestments of Blew Vellet.

Itm a vestmente of Whit Dammaske.

Itm ij other olde vestments of

Itm ij hangings for thawlter and curteynes to ye same.

Itm ij other hangings of Blak vellet and Chamlet.

Itm one Strimar of Silke.

Itm iiij Banner Clothes of Silke.

Itm one Crosse Clothe of Silke.

Itm one Altar Clothe.

Itm one holly watter Stoke of Brase.

In 1524, the living of St. Michael's was valued at £10 1s. 3d. per annum; but in 1650 the Parliamentary Commissioners reported it to be worth £40. The presentation was vested in the Abbey of St. Albans, but on the Dissolution of the religious houses, was granted to one Ralph Rowlett, who conveyed it to Sir Nicholas Bacon, in whose family (with a brief interval during the Commonwealth), it has remained. We find one presentation by Dame Anne Bacon, in 1591, and two by Sir Francis, that of Zepheniah Besouth, in 1607, and of Abraham Spencer, in 1617.

This article has so far exceeded our intentions as to length, that we have space for but few remarks of our own, but any tourist should be able, with the help of these notes, to spend an interesting hour at St. Michael's; especially if he secures the services of the highly-intelligent

verger. There is a quaint old picture of the Resurrection of the Dead, in the vestry; and some specimens of Roman pottery.

One reflection we must find space for; it is this—Roman, Saxon and Norman hands have joined together to form a mausoleum for the great Shakespeare's bones; Roman, Teuton, Frank, join now in admiration of his immortal works; a fit sepulchre was prepared through many centuries for our mighty genius, and through many centuries his writings have and will sway the world—why then does the world combine against allowing him that meed of fame which is his own? Why must a small band alone acknowledge his transcendant merits? Why must we leave "his name and memory" for the *next ages* to glory in? "The time to live is *now*." Let *this* be the age, let the Star of the Court of "Golden Eliza" find his proper place now, during the reign of our Golden Victoria.

"My name and memory I leave to man's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next ages"—but—not to oblivion.

BACON'S FRAGMENT OF AN ESSAY OF FAME.

ONE of the most important pieces ever penned by Francis Bacon is the fragment of an essay upon *Fame*, first published by Dr. Rawley in the "Resuscitatio," 1657, and again reprinted in the second edition of 1671. In studying this essay, and endeavouring to realise what object Bacon had in view in writing it, we must first of all clearly understand what was the full meaning with which Bacon connected this word *fame*, for we are apt to associate it with *good* report, honours, glory, reputation, rather than with detraction and falsehood with which Bacon associates the word. In the first place, and in a strictly impartial research after the use made of the word *Fame* by Bacon, we find he constantly uses it as a synonym, or equivalent for *Rumour*. In Bacon's "History of King Henry the Seventh" he often introduces the expression, "*A fame went abroad, etc.*," where we in modern phraseology would say, "*A rumour went abroad.*" This use of the word *Fame*, in place of *Rumour* (or report), by Bacon is of extraordinary importance and significance, for a right

apprehension and hearing of this essay of *Fame*, because, unless we are thus cautioned and coached in Elizabethan English, we are apt to hastily associate our modern use of the word *fame* with its good rather than with its bad sense, and to pass over or totally miss the point of the essay, *which is Bacon's caveat to posterity upon the truth of tradition, history, chronicles, reports, or rumours, all of which are understood by the word Fame*. Thus, to sum up our theory, Bacon has entered in this essay into a judgment or analysis upon the nature of hearsay and history. In short, it is just the sort of piece we should expect from a man who was concealing his identity as to authorship, and round whom all sorts of *false rumours or fames* have gathered.

It is therefore very striking to note how he opens this essay with an unmistakable attack upon *Fame*. Bacon commences by alluding to the *poets' view of fame as a monster*. "The poets make *fame a monster*. They describe her in part finely and elegantly; and, in part, gravely and sententious; they say, Look how many feathers she hath, so many eyes she hath underneath; so many tongues; so many voices; she pricks up so many ears. This is a flourish; these follow excellent parables; as that she gathereth strength in going; that she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds. That in the day-time she sitteth in a watch tower, and flyeth most by night. That she mingleth things done with things not done. And that she is a terror to great cities" (Bacon's "Essay of Fame").

In the first place, note how Bacon (the poet) appeals to the poets for the real character of *Fame*. And a little further on in the essay he exclaims, with the irony conscious of the wit he is concealing, "*But we are infected with the style of the poets*" (to which one is almost inclined to add, *Hic et ubique*). In the second place, note Bacon's description of *Fame* by Virgil's words *as a monster*. That is to say, *Fame is something horrible, distorted, unnatural from its misgrowth*, for it mingles things done with things not done—in short, it is full of falsehood, invention, and wickedness. Directly we turn to Virgil, from whom Bacon is borrowing, we find the Latin poet pointing directly to the mendacious character of *Fame* :—

"Et iniquas territat urbes
 Tam ficti praviq[ue] tenax quam nuntia veri
 Gaudens et pariter facta atq[ue] infacta canebat."

(*Æniad* iv. 187.)

To paraphrase this passage freely, we may be allowed, perhaps, to say it amounts to a deliberate charge against *Fame of falsehood and a delight in free invention?*

“ By day from lofty towers her head she shows,
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous news,
*Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles
Truth with lies.*”

Observe how Bacon, with what seems like intentional caution, omits to *openly charge Fame with falsehood*, or to quote Virgil in full upon this point. But all the same, the entire essay is full of inference and delicate depreciation of Fame or Rumour. It is impossible to read it without perceiving that the same contemptuous view is taken of *Fame* which we find expressed in the plays, particularly in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where it is termed the *common liar*. Demetrius, in speaking of the reports at Rome upon the conduct of Antony, exclaims :—

“ I am full sorry
That he approves the *common liar*, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome.”—Act i. 1.

And this of Rumour :—

“ Open your ears ; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing *when loud Rumour speaks?*
Upon my tongue continued slanders ride
The which in every language I pronounce
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.”

The importance of this subject of *fame* was immense in Bacon's eyes, and it is also immense from whatever point of view we look at it, for it amounts to the question of “ *What is Truth?* ” “ *What are we to believe—what not to believe?* ” Bacon writes :—“ There is not, in all the politics, a place less handled, and more worthy to be handled, than this of *Fame*. We will, therefore, speak of these points. What are false *Fames* and what are true *Fames* ; and how they may be best discerned. How *Fames* may be sown and raised. How they may be spread and multiplied. And how they may be checked and laid dead. And other things concerning the *Nature of Fame*. Fame is of that force, as there is scarcely any great action wherein it hath not a great part, especially in the war. *Mucianus*

undid *Vitellius* by a *Fame* that he scattered, that *Vitellius* had in purpose, to remove the Legions of *Syria* into *Germany*; and the legions of *Germany* into *Syria*, whereupon the legions of *Syria* were infinitely inflamed. *Julius Cæsar* took *Pompey* unprovided, and laid asleep his industry and preparations by a *Fame* that he cunningly gave out; how *Cæsar's* own soldiers loved him not . . . And it is an usual thing with the *Bashaws* to conceal the death of the Great *Turk* from the *Jannizaries* and men of war, to save the sacking of *Constantinople*, and other towns, as their manner is." ("Essay of Fame.")

In this passage we have direct evidence of the point already dwelt upon, viz., that Bacon uses the word *Fame* in the place of our modern words report, rumour, news. For example, "*Mucianus* undid *Vitellius* by a *Fame* that he scattered." "*Julius Cæsar* took *Pompey* unprovided, . . . by a *Fame* that he cunningly gave out." So that there cannot be a doubt we must accept this essay, as dealing with the political ends, or designs, connected with the falsification of truth, and the spreading of inventions, which is a subject of supreme importance, directly we begin to meditate upon the Bacon-Shakespeare problem. Not only does Bacon distinctly caution us as to the mendacity of Fame, but he has just been showing us in the above-quoted passage, how frequently distortion of truth may be of use in deceiving enemies, and attaining ends. So much does he dwell upon this particular point, that it is impossible to resist asking ourselves, whether Bacon possibly is not giving us parallels and hints for his own line of action? In the essays we find Bacon saying, "*Tell a lie, and find a truth.*" In *Hamlet* the same political craft is illustrated by the instructions of Polonius to Reynaldo:—

"See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth,
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with essays of bias,
By indirections find directions out."—Act ii. 1.

The parallel, or point suggested, is whether the authorship of the Plays was not adjudicated to Shakespeare, by means of a *Fame* scattered and cunningly given out by Francis Bacon, with the object of concealing his (Bacon's) authorship from his enemies, and perhaps also with other ends connected with the discovery of his *Instauration*?

It has been often asked, What possible object could Bacon have had in concealing his own genius, but it is certain that the mere superficial question of authorship has already led to an immense and growing amount of inquiry and research, which may lead to other and far more important discoveries. The insufficiency of the man Shakespeare, and the mystery surrounding his education and life, have proved potent factors in arousing curiosity and attention to the problem.

In Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, he gives the story of an old man, who, at the point of death, having collected his sons about his bedside, tells them of a treasure buried in the vineyard he bequeaths to them ; but the old man expires ere he can describe the spot where the gold is hidden. The sons searched and searched in vain for the treasure, but having turned up the entire vineyard in their hunt for the money, were afterwards rewarded by a plentiful harvest. There is a parallel to be drawn from this story for the Bacon problem. For it is impossible to escape perceiving, that if Bacon desired posterity to restudy his prose works, in connection with the plays, no better method could be devised than to create a mystery of doubtful authorship, which should excite interest, stimulate controversy, and provoke investigation. Besides all this, Bacon in his essay upon Dissimulation, distinctly tells us, that "*to be close, or secret, inviteth discovery,*" and that dissimulation is sometimes politic, seeing it affords us "*a safe retreat.*" Goethe has made the remark that "What God hides, God hides well," and with great reverence, the same may be applied to Francis Bacon. Nature conceals and reveals *at the same time*,—and that was Bacon's art—the mingling of contraries, or half-lights—"a little here, and a little there, line upon line, and precept upon precept." In his *Promus* Bacon has entered the saying, "*Homo Homini Deus,*" i.e., man is sometimes a God to man, and it would be well if this proverb were applied in all its full and varied ways to the art of Francis Bacon.

In one of the Latin elegies, entitled *Manes Verulamiani*, published in the Harlean Miscellany (and Blackbourne's edition of Bacon's works), lately translated in BACONIANA, Mrs. Pott has pointed out how this poem leads to the inference that Bacon's death was concealed and the real date falsified. This elegy declares, "*That those who do not think Bacon lived to the age of eighty years, have not studied his works.*"

Bacon is generally supposed to have died in 1626, at the age of sixty-six, but no account of his funeral is extant. It is therefore with regard to this point, we would again draw attention to the passage already cited from the essay upon *Fame*, in which Bacon shows "*it was held to be a point of politique to conceal the death of the Grand Turk.*"

Let us consider for a moment, how strange it is to find Bacon dwelling upon these points of dissimulation, evidently furnished to caution us against a too ready credulity in history or tradition, and written without a doubt as hints and parallels to be applied to his own life and history. In the *Advancement of Learning*, he tells us "*There be feigned lives, and feigned Chronicles,*" and of credulity and garrulous persons he writes, "*Fingunt, simul credunt,*" i.e., "they invent, and at the same time believe, their inventions." The question is a legitimate one, whether a great deal of what has been handed down to us concerning Bacon is not the feigned chronicle of a feigned life? It is possible such a marvellous being (as Bacon undoubtedly was) found it both safe and politic, to conceal his own death. At any rate, it is to be always borne in mind, that the despised *Art of Analogy* constitutes (one of Bacon's Deficients of his New World of Sciences) Bacon's *art of judgment*, and in theorising upon the application of its method of parallel to this essay of *Fame*, we are only employing what Bacon considered an organ for the discovery of truth.

In this brief article, it is impossible to touch the many points of this Essay we should have liked to have commented upon. Bacon showed his profound poetic insight when he selected Virgil's description of Fame for his sermon because Virgil's Keynote is a distortion of Truth, by History and News—it is *Calumny* that acquires strength by going that goeth most by night, and that in every sense is seditious, libellous, wicked and malicious! When Virgil calls *Fame* a monster, how can we do otherwise than applaud his poetic insight?

"No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny."

"The whitest virtue strikes."—*Measure for Measure* ii. 2.

This short article may be concluded with a summing-up of Bacon's Essay of *Fame*, as probably written with the purpose of furnishing

posterity with an emphatic *caveat* against too easy an acceptance of what is handed down to us in the shape of written or unwritten testimony. Not only does Bacon present us with a mighty hint, when he says "*What are false Fames, and what are true Fames; and how they may be best discerned. How Fames may be sown and raised. How they may be spread and multiplied. And how they may be checked and laid dead.*" But he points out that there has often existed the profoundest reasons of politique for mystifying the world upon even such important points as the real death of great persons, in the example of the great Turk. Let the unprejudiced inquirer after truth ponder over the many parallels presented by this essay to the problems of the Bacon-Shakespeare mystery and its solution. When we hear people attacking Bacon's character, and his relations to Essex—when we recall Pope's celebrated lines—would it not be as well to ask, "*What are false Fames, and what are true Fames?*" Francis Bacon evidently had no great faith in the testimony of History! He therefore writes large in this essay, "*Beware of History—it is mendacious—it is libellous—and sometimes it is falsified for a purpose.*"

Bacon's Essay is entitled a *fragment*, not because Bacon had no leisure to finish it, but probably because the rest is embraced elsewhere, and has as yet to be applied, and concluded. Besides, this breaking off in the midst of important matter is full of eloquence, and reminds us of what has been said of silence, that it often says more than speech because it dares not trust itself to speak further!

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

“ON SHAKE-SPEARE’S SONNETS.”

BY M. A. GOODWIN.

BACON says, “The kinds of ciphers are many . . . the highest degree whereof is to write *omnia per omnia*, which is undoubtedly possible, with a proportion quintuple at most of the writing infolding to the writing infolded, and no other restraint whatsoever.”

This description of cipher I find running right through the Sonnets, and “A Lover’s Complaint,” which proves to demonstration, out of the author’s own mouth, that Shakspeare was not the author, but the friend to whom the author transfers his mistress—the “master mistress” of his “passion :”

“A woman’s face with nature’s own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion :
A woman’s gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman’s fashion.”

Sonnet 120.

And that this “master mistress” of our author’s “passion” was not “a married female,” nor a “dark lady, who was an excellent musician” (as Shakespearians say); not even another man’s daughter, much less another man’s wife; but exactly the same as the “master mistress” of every other good and great man’s passion—especially a poet’s—namely, a true, good fame—the fame of these poetical works, which Carlyle says is dearer to Englishmen than our Indian Empire.

Although “Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy’s child, who warbled these native wood notes wild,” was not the author, my theory shows him to be the bosom friend of the author, and that, not because he had much Latin and more Greek, but because, “His qualities were beauteous as his form;” and

“He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;”

and was altogether the most lovely and happy man of that age.

“Friendship indeed was written not in words,
And with the heart, not pen
Of two so early men.”

Ben Jonson.

A friendship which was not the result of vain pleasures,

"But simple love of greatness and of good,
Which knits brave minds and manners more than blood."

Ben Jonson.

This, my theory, I find abundantly corroborated and substantiated by Ben Jonson, who loved Shakspeare "on this side idolatry as much as any;" but Bacon he loved more than any, on the other side idolatry, for he says of him :

"For you are he, the deity
To whom all lovers are designed
That would their better objects find,
Among which faithful troup am I."

In another place he says that "Bacon hath filled up all numbers, and done that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

My object in this pamphlet is merely to give a few extracts from the Cipher which is to demonstrate that the author's mistress is in truth the Fame of these poetical works; and that Shakspeare, who received that Fame, is therefore not the author.

In Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature we read :—

"We almost wish with Mr. Hallam that Shakspeare had not written these Sonnets. . . . His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius, and savours of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress—a married female—and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind, misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspeare."

Surely it is time the Sonnets were deciphered, if only for proving the above to be a libel on both author and friend !

There are in this little book, called "Shake-speare's Sonnets," about 20,000 words, and in the infolded matter at least 3,400, thus making the ratio between the infolding and the infolded quintuple, and coinciding with what Bacon calls the highest degree of cipher.

Originally the Sonnets and "A Lover's Complaint" were published together, and they ought never to be separated, being on one and the

same subject, unless we believe the author to have been an idiotic perverter of the truth.

"Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?
 So far from variation or quick change ?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange ?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And steep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name ;
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed ?
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument :
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent :
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told."

Sonnet 76.

and again,

"Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such and ever so."

Sonnet 105.

"O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me ?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee ?"

Sonnet 39.

"Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days."

Sonnet 62.

And again, but the following Sonnet belongs more properly to that part of my theory, which shews Bacon to be the author, and which cannot be fully treated here.

"Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one ;
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name."

Sonnet 36

But to return to the question at issue, the nature of our author's mistress.

"My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go.
 My mistress, where she walks, treads on the ground."

Sonnet 130.

The identical attributes of Fame, according to both Bacon and Jonson :—

"That she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds."—*Bacon on Fame.*

"She dares attempt the skys, and stalking proud,
 With feet on ground, her head doth pierce the cloud."

Jonson's Poetaster.

A hint surely as to the nature of our author's mistress ; but to proceed :—

"What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?"

Sonnet 53.

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
 But thou shalt shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

'Gainst death and all oblivions enmity
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending doom."

Sonnet 55.

How indeed can a prostitute "shine more bright in these contents Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time ?" Will some great Shaksperian scholar kindly explain ?

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest."

Sonnet 18.

"But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief."

Sonnet 48.

"Who is it that says most ? which can say more,
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew."

Sonnet 84.

"Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend."

Sonnet 69.

"Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd."

Sonnet 122.

'Alas ! why fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, now I love you best,
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ? "

Sonnet 115.

'Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure."

Sonnet 75.

"As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert."

Sonnet 14.

"And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new."

Sonnet 15.

"Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing."

Sonnet 87.

"That thou by losing me shall win much glory."

Sonnet 88.

"That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly."

Sonnet 42.

"O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour,
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st

Thy lover's withering, as thy sweet self grow'st ;
 If nature's sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minuits kill,
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure,
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee." *Sonnet 126.*

Sonnet 126 is addressed to the friend to whom our author transfers his mistress ; let us see where it leads,

" Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to *render thee*." *Sonnet 126.*

" Where I *myself* must *render*,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender :
 For there of force must your oblations be,
 Since I their alter, you empatron me."
A Lover's Complaint, verse 32.

Here we have the friend addressing his "origin and ender," the author as the goddess Fame, who, as stated in verse 21, "Threw her affections in his charmed power, reserved the stalk, and gave him all her flower:" and who, in verses 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, relates to Father Time for our information, her "plaintful story," re-worded in which we have a splendid personal description of the friend—our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child, who has in due time, as the author himself here states, twice over, to render up himself to his origin and ender.

" And deep brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality." (30)

" The diamond : why 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invised properties did tend ;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold ; each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan." (31)

" Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,

Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender." (32)

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF SHAKSPER BY THE AUTHOR.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour,
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self applied
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.
(verse 11)

"But wo is me ! too early I attended
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
 That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodged, and newly deified.
(verse 12)

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcel hurls.
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
 For on his visage was in little drawn,
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.
(verse 13)

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
 His phoenix down began but to appear,
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear,
 Yet shew'd his visage by that cost more dear ;
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.
(verse 14)

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be

His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

(verse 15)

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of argument and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will."

(verse 19)

If anyone cares to read this, as Bacon says, "not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider," the truth of my theory may appear, and a mere glance will, I think, be sufficient to justify the assertion of Charles Dickens that

"The life of Shakspeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should come up."

Shakspeareans cannot believe that Bacon would throw away as nothing all this mass of glory. Neither can I; although that is exactly what Shakspeare did, if he were the author.

"Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good."

Sonnet 109.

The truth is, our author declares that the world "on better judgment making" will return all this in something less than "five hundred courses of the sun," after "Fortune has done her dearest spite," and "Time o'er green'd his bad, his good allows;" and after the world has "learn'd to read what silent love hath writ," and also learned that the author of Shakspeare certainly was not "an untutor'd youth, unlearned in the world's false subtleties."

"Call, noble Shakspeare, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine ;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head
And think, nay know, thy origin's not dead :
He leap'd the present age,
Possessed with holy rage

To see that bright eternal day ;
 Of which we priests and poets say,
 Such truths, as we expect for happy men :
 And there he lives with memory and Ben."

Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning," in his "Essays, Civil and Moral," and in his "Wisdom of the Ancients," speaks of Fame as a female, or a sort of goddess.

In his "Wisdom of the Ancients," he says :—

"It is a poetical relation, that the giants begotten of the Earth made war upon Jupiter and the other gods, and by the force of lightning they were resisted and overthrown. Whereat the Earth, being excited to wrath in revenge of her children, brought forth Fame, the youngest sister of the giants.

" ' Provoked by wrathful gods, the mother Earth
 Gives Fame, the giant's youngest sister, birth.' "

Then he goes on to describe the things that pertain to various fames, and concludes by saying they "differ nothing in kind and blood, but as it were in sex only, the one sort being *masculine*, the other *feminine*."

Now here is the identical lady whom the world has, in due time, to recognise as the "master mistress of our author's passion," if the author himself knew anything about it.

Born from the "concave womb of a hill," as our author tells us in the first verse of "A Lover's Complaint" :—

"From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story to a sistering vale,"
 Verse i. "A Lover's Complaint."

" . . . The mother Earth
 Gives Fame, the giant's youngest sister, birth."
 "Wisdom of the Ancients."

Moreover our author tells us what kind of fame it was—not that of a warrior, nor a statesman, but the fame of a poet. Let us go a little below the surface. Here is our author's description of a poet :—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

In verse 4 of "A Lover's Complaint" he gives us the same description re-worded, that we may know this lady as the fame of a poet. Certainly he uses very many more words in this case, but if we weigh and consider them, we shall find that altogether they only amount to the same thing, viz., a sort of frenzied or distracted person looking about "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

"Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth : sometimes they do extend
Their view right on : anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly comix'd."

Then, in verse 6, our author goes on to tell us how he, in the character of Fame, hands down his poetical works, as various jewels, to time, as a river.

"For the truth is, that time seemeth to be of the
Nature of a river, or stream."
Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning."

"A thousand favours from a maund she drew,
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set."

Another very extraordinary thing about this young lady, which we must not forget to notice, is that she may be spoken of as "*him*," "*her*," or "*it*"; and that is just how our author speaks of the master mistress of his passion throughout this little book called "Shakespeare's Sonnets," in which every word is to his mistress, or of his mistress—that is, every word of the infolded writing.

"And so of you, beauteous and lovely *youth*,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth,"
Sonnet 54.

"And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising *him* here, who doth hence remain."
Sonnet 39.

"When, in eternal lives to time thou growest :
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see
So long lives this ; and this gives life to thee."
Sonnet 18.

"Yet do thy worst, Old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young."

Sonnet 19.

"Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts."

Sonnet 17.

"For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life ;
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and *he* in them still green."

Sonnet 63.

"O fearful meditation ! Where, alack,
Shall *time's best jewel* from time's chest be hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright."

Sonnet 65.

"And *him* as for a map doth nature store,
To shew false art what beauty was of yore."

Sonnet 68.

"If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd.

.

No, *it* was builded far from accident .

.

It fears not policy, that heretic."

Sonnet 125.

"When my love swears that *she* is made of truth,
I do believe *her*, though I know *she* lies :
That *she* might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties."

Sonnet 137.

"Who is that says most ? which can say more,
Than this rich praise that you alone are you ?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,

.

That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ."

Sonnet 84.

Is not a poet's fame in his writings? And are not his writings in his fame?

Dr. Samuel Johnson says: "It does not appear that Shakspeare thought his works worthy of posterity, . . . so careless was this great poet of future fame, etc., etc." Did Dr. Samuel Johnson ever read the *Sonnets*?

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming of things to come,
Can yet the base of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

And thou in this shall find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

Sonnet 107.

"So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this and dwell in lover's eyes."

Sonnet 55.

"So my great fame, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making."

Sonnet 87.

"A woman I forswore; but I will prove
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me."

These four lines are taken from a *Sonnet*, precisely similar in construction to all the 154 *Sonnets* in this little book (except two, viz., *Sonnets* 126 and 99), which our author was careful to have published twice over in "The Passionate Pilgrim" and in "A Love's Labour Lost," and doubtless would have been placed and numbered in "Shake-speare's *Sonnets*," but for it making the cipher too plain.

In this *Sonnet* our author not only directly states the nature of his mistress, but also states his object and reason for forswearing her him, or it—viz., to gain his grace.

‘Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.’

And as he also tells us in verse 12 of “A Lover’s Complaint”—

“It was to gain my grace”

that he went, in the character of the goddess Fame, to dwell in the fair parts of our lovely and happy Shakspeare.

“And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged, and newly deified.”

But then there is something else required to hide or conceal for a time these allusions to certain disgrace, or supposed disgrace, and we have it in the not altogether false, but misleading date 1609 on the front page of this little book called “Shake-speare’s Sonnets.”

When we come to the “Bacon” part of my theory, I hope to be able to show that the *Sonnets*, at least as we have them, were not published in 1609, but 1625, nearly five years after the fall and disgrace of Bacon, so frequently alluded to in the *Sonnets*.

Prof. Dowden, LL.D., is perhaps one of the greatest Shakespearean authorities on the *Sonnets*. He says:—

“The *Sonnets* of Shakspeare suggests, perhaps, the most difficult question in Shakespearean criticism. In 1609 appeared these poems in a quarto (published almost certainly without the author’s sanction), which also contained “A Lover’s Complaint.” The publisher (Thorpe) dedicated them “To the only begetter of these ensuing *Sonnets*, Mr. W. H.” Does begetter mean the person who inspired them and so brought them into existence, or only the obtainer of the *Sonnets* for Thorpe? Probably the former. And who is Mr. W. H.? It is clear from *Sonnet* 135 that the Christian name of Shakspeare’s friend, to whom the first 126 *Sonnets* were addressed, was William. But what William? There is not even an approach to certainty in any answer offered to this question.”

“The young friend, whom Shakspeare loved with a fond idolatry, was beautiful, clever, rich in gifts of fortune, of high rank. The woman was of stained character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark eyed, pale faced, a musician, possessed of a strange power of attraction. To her fascination Shakspeare yielded himself, and in his absence she laid her snares for Shakspeare’s friend, and won

him. Hence a coldness, estrangement, and, for some time, a complete severance between Shakspeare and his friend, after a time followed by acknowledgment of faults on both sides, and a complete reconciliation."

I suppose there never was a theory, however erroneous, but had some truth in it. The author himself has told us that his friend was "rich in the gifts of fortune," if by that is meant possessed of great accomplishments; but with regard to his being of "high rank" there must be some mistake. I can only call to mind three places (*Son.* 85, *Son.* 122, and "A Lover's Complaint," verse 39), where rank is mentioned, and in each case the author is referring to his own, not his friend's rank.

"The woman was of stained character."

"Dark eyed." The author tells us in *Son.* 130, that "her eyes are nothing like the sun;" and in *Son.* 20, that "her eyes were more bright than a woman's, and less false in rolling, that gilds the object whereon it gazeth," etc. But most Shakspeareans say that she was a dark lady. Our author says in *Son.* 147:

"For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night."

What can this blackness refer to but his own supposed black deeds? As indeed he tells us in *Son.* 131:

"In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds."

"A musician."

If we read carefully Bacon's opinion of the drama (where he says, "it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers as a kind of musician's bow, by which men's minds may be played upon"), we may be able to understand *Son.* 128, where she is spoken of as playing a musical instrument, to mean that through the drama, he will "play upon men's minds" and "educate them to virtue."

"Possessed of a strange power of fascination." Quite true.

"To her fascination Shakspeare yielded himself."

True again. Why indeed should not Shakspeare yield himself to her fascination?

" Chiefly when he knows
 How only she bestows
 The wealthy treasure of her love on him,
 Making his fortunes swim
 In the full floods of her admired perfection.
 What savage, brute affection
 Would not be fearful to offend a dame
 Of this excelling frame.
 Much more a noble and right generous mind
 To virtuous moods inclined.
 He will refrain, and to his sense object this sentence ever,
 Men may securely sin, but safely never."

Ben Johnson.

But before I bring the big guns of Ben Jonson to bear fully upon this "Bacon-speare query," let me finish, at least for the present, that part of my theory which treats of the nature of our author's mistress only, which I maintain is demonstrated by the author himself to be his own Fame—the Fame of these poetical works, the Fame of the "Shakspeare plays," which really for a time are Shakspeare's by gift; as *Son. 81* plainly shows.

Sonnet 81 :—

" Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part shall be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead.
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
 Where breath most breathes—even in the mouth of men."

(To be continued.)

FRANCIS BACON'S COLLECTIONS.

VASES, BASKETS, CORNUCOPIAS.

“While the dew is on the ground, gather those flowers.”

(*Cymb.* i. 2.)

IN the “*Catalogue of Particular Histories*,” which concludes Bacon’s *Parasceve*, or “*Preparative towards a Natural and Experimental History*,” is this entry :—

“112. HISTORY OF BASKET-MAKING.”

The catalogue enumerates 130 Histories which, in Bacon’s opinion, needed to be written, and we might be astonished at the nature of the subjects which he here proposes for study, were it not that whatever else might be the object, and for whatever reasons he may have inaugurated these inquiries, there is one aim common to all. The scientific facts collected towards the writing of a “history,” were to be used as the basis of countless similes, metaphors, emblems, and aphorisms “drawn,” as he says, from the centre of the sciences.

We must also take heed to a significant Note, placed alone in the centre of a blank sheet following the Catalogue. In this note, when pointing out the fact that many of the experiments have points in common, and must, therefore, come under more titles than one, he adds :—“I care little about the mechanical arts themselves : *only about those things which they contribute to the equipment of philosophy.*”

How, we ask ourselves, could Baskets contribute to this equipment? What is the use and purpose of a Basket? Well, it is made to receive and to hold something—it is a *receptacle*. Then there comes into our memory an echo of all that Bacon says about the means of advancing learning and about the subdivision of labour which a proper method for such an advancement must entail. There must be the man who *originates*. This is one amongst thousands or hundreds of thousands. Bacon compares him to the Spring whence others draw their knowledge and notions. But how can they draw except they have somewhat to draw in, some *receptacle* into which the precious liquor of knowledge can be received, stored, and from which it can be again poured forth?

The means for the advancement of learning include, he says, three things :—"The *places* of learning, the *books* of learning, and the *persons* of the learned." When presenting his works to Trinity College, Cambridge, he said of himself, "I am, as I formerly said, but a *bucket and cistern* to that fountain . . . and seeing that I drew my beginnings of knowledge from your fountains, I have thought it right to return to you the increase of the same."

He returned the increase enclosed in *books*. "For as water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, easily scatters and loses itself in the ground, *except it be collected into some receptacle* . . . so this excellent liquor of knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration, or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish into oblivion if it were not preserved in books, traditions, and conferences, and specially in places appointed for such matters."

Now just in the same way as in the water-marks and woodcuts and ornaments of Baconian books we find Vases, Pots, and Pitchers symbolising the "receptacles" for heavenly liquor, the dew or the wine of knowledge, so in the Baskets which are common in the headlines and tail-pieces of these same books, we see the same idea, though worked in a different way, and for a humbler purpose.

Amongst the impediments to the advance of learning, Bacon includes a "despair or diffidence" which "hath caused some never to enter into search, and others to give over or seek a more compendious course than can stand with the nature of true search." Such men, he says, cease to exert themselves when they find that others have thought the same thing which they supposed to be a discovery of their own; considering that it is a "vanity of the wit to go about the same inventions again, as one that would rather have a flower of his own gathering than much better gathered to his hand." *

But Bacon urges, on the contrary, at every opportunity, and under various figures, the necessity for continual gleanings, culling, and gathering by the hand into the Basket, "*the primary material for philosophy and subject matter of true induction.*" There is here no question of originality, or of beautiful writing. Those who take in hand to write on Natural Philosophy are to bear in mind that "they

* "Interpretation of Nature," chap. 19.

ought not to consult the pleasure of the reader, no, nor even that utility which may be immediately derived from their narration, but *to seek and gather together such store and variety of things* as may suffice for the formation of true axioms. Let them but remember this, and they will find out for themselves the method in which the history shall be composed ; *for the end rules the method.*"

It is plain from this and similar passages that Baskets symbolise "collections" such as those which Bacon seems to have been perpetually causing to be made by the hands of his many-handed Briareus, the innumerable clerks, scribes, and able pens whom we know he kept in his house, and who, we think, relieved him of nearly all the mechanical part of his work. Whilst he originated, invented, and organised, they pressed his grapes, collected his wine into vats. When he read, noted, and marked passages, these "many-handed" transcribers sorted and arranged the passages according to his method and instructions ; no original wit or learning was needful, but only eternal patience and perseverance, of which the massive tomes and the "sterling literature" of the seventeenth century were the product. See what dictionaries and books of reference were extant before Francis Bacon wrote about his Baskets, and taught his followers to "gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost."

It is evident that he feared lest, in those days when learning was so full of "deficiencies" and "affectations," men might spoil all by a vain attempt at fine writing of which they were incapable. He tries to make them take a pride in plain simplicity, and to think highly of this mechanical work. "The more difficult and laborious the work is, the more ought it to be discharged of matters superfluous. . . . For all that concerns ornaments of speech . . . and such like emptinesses let it be utterly dismissed. . . . Let those things be set down, briefly and concisely so that they may be nothing less than words. For no man who is collecting or storing-up materials for shipbuilding, or the like, thinks of arranging them elegantly, as in a shop, displaying them so as to please the eye—all his care is that they be sound and good, and that they take up as little room as possible in the warehouse. . . . It is always to be remembered that this which we are now about (in making collections) is only *a granary and storehouse of matters*, not meant to be pleasant to stay or to live in, but only to be entered as

occasion requires, when anything is wanted for the work of the Interpreter"* of Nature.

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, we have in the three Pedants a fine satire on the "diseases" and "affectations," of which Bacon so much complains. First, "fantastical learning," figured by Armado and Biron—then "contentious learning" and unprofitable subtilty and show of learning such as Holofernes displays; and, thirdly, the learning which considers words rather than matter, and which though, it is satirised in many places, is made conspicuous in the letter written by Costard, and of which "the matter is concerning Jaquenetta." (*See L. L. L. i. 2*). Space does not admit of long quotations in this place, but one passage is too much to the purpose to be overlooked. In Act v., Scene 1, Holofernes and Nathaniel criticise the "ridiculous thrasonical, picked, spruce, affected, fantastical," verbose style of Armado, the while exhibiting in their own language the same "diseases" of style which they are censuring in him. Then enter *Armado, Moth, and Costard*:—

"*Arm.* Chirrah !

[*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah ?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the almsbasket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus : thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon."

Here we note that Moth is made to repeat the words of Bacon (perhaps originally suggested by Ovid in the *Metamorphoses*) in which he compares Rhetoric to cookery and the delights of beautiful language to banquets,† feasts or reflections, at which men fed on the Ambrosia of the gods, and drank of their nectar. The pedants, however, had but *stolen the scraps* from the feast ; they had nothing of their own to contribute, they were mere paupers *living on the alms-basket of words*.

"The Reformation of the Whole Wide World," is a so-called

* *Parasceve*, iii. v

† See description of such a banquet in "*The Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz*." (*Real Hist. of the Rosicrucians*, E. A. Waite, p. i., 317.)

"Rosierucian" tract which the present writer attributes to Francis Bacon in his youth, and which Mr. A. E. Waite describes as "an amusing and satirical account of an abortive attempt made by the god Apollo to derive assistance towards the improvement of the age from the wise men of antiquity and modern time"—in short, to revive learning by means of poetry and the theatre.

In this tract we read how "the seven wise men, together with the choicest virtuosi of the State went to the Delphic Palace, the place appointed for the Reformation. The Litterati were pleased to see" (as we see in *Love's Labour's Lost*) "*the great number of pedants, baskets in hands, who went gathering up the sentences and apophthegms, which fell from those wise men as they went along.*" Again, we note that they are but scraps of learning which the baskets are to hold.

Elsewhere we read of the affinity which the author* finds between "*the pouring of various liquors into a vase,*" "*the pricking out and re-setting choice flowers,*" or "*the gathering and tying of them into posies,*" and "*the gathering of wax and honey into the hive.*" He is telling of the vast chaos and oppressive confusion of books which he finds existing, and of the little benefit to be derived from most of those books. Pride and vanity, he says, have "egged on" the writers to "rush into" all manner of learning, and "to rake over all indexes and pamphlets to lard their lean books with the fat of others; to pilfer out of old writers to stuff up new comments, scrape Ennius' dunghill, and rake out of Democritus's pit *as I have done.*" He is resolved that his reader shall be made thoroughly to understand that this book of his is *not original*. All is "culled," "gathered," "collected," "raked-up," "borrowed," from the writings of others, "from such physicians as our libraries afford, or my private friends impart."

"Yea, but you will infer that this is *Actum Agere*,* an unnecessary work, *cramben bis coctam opponere*,† the same again and again in other words. To what purpose? "*Nothing is omitted that may well be said*; so thought Lucian in the like theme. . . . No news here. If that severe doom of Synetius be true, *It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labours than their clothes*, what shall become of most writers?

* Well-read readers will not need references to the following passages. Others should seek the author. † A *Promus* note.

‡ "Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*." (*L. L. L.*, iv. 2).

I hold up my hand at the bar among others, and am guilty of felony in this kind. I am content to be pressed with the rest." . . .

"We make new mixtures every day, and pour out of one vessel into another, . . . we skim off the cream of other men's wits, *pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens* to set out our own sterile plots . . . as a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, as a bee gathers wax and honey of *many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all*, I have laboriously collected this cento out of divers writers . . . I am but a smatterer, I confess, a stranger, *here and there I pull a flower*. . . . My translations are sometimes rather paraphrases than interpretation, *non ad verbum* ; but, as an author, I take more liberty, and that only taken that was to my purpose."

In another volume ascribed to yet another pen, the writer in advocating the doctrine that men should *be* themselves and *know* themselves and their own powers or faculties, says thus:—"Now, our faculties are not so trained up ; we do not try, we do not know them ; we invest ourselves in those of others, and let our own lie idle ; *as some may say of me, that I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the thread that ties them*. . . . Without pains, and without learning, having a thousand volumes about me in the place where I write, *I can presently borrow if I please from a dozen such scrap gatherers* . . . 'tis so we go *a begging* for a ticklish glory, cheating the sottish world. These lumber pies of common places, wherewith so many furnish their studies, are of little use but to common subjects, and serve to *show* us, and not to *direct* us ; a ridiculous fruit of learning that Socrates so pleasantly discusses against Enthydemus."

He explains why he thus "yields to the public opinion," and how far he "bends to the humour" of the age in which he lived. He has seen books made up of things which the writer had neither seen nor understood, *a faggot of unknown provisions, tied together*, and nothing of the supposed author's own, but *the ink and the paper*. One such author told him that "he had cluttered together two hundred and odd common places in one of his judgments. . . . I do quite contrary ; and amongst so many borrowed things, am glad if I can steal one, *disguising and altering it for some new service ; at the hazard of having it said that 'tis for want of understanding its natural use*." *I give it*

some particular "address of my own hand, to the end it may not be so absolutely foreign;" in other words, he ties it up with a thread of his own.*

What excellent hints have we here of the "*Collections*" of every description which Bacon found *deficient*, and of which he advised the making. To any one who has seriously studied the rise and progress of the flood of compiled literature, which like the rising of the Nile inundated and fertilised the desert sands of learning, in and immediately after Bacon's time, is it possible to doubt that to his efforts we owe these first books of reference upon every one of the subjects which he enumerates?

Baskets filled with flowers, and sometimes with fruit, are very frequent in the ornamental designs of Baconian books, and especially as tail-pieces in "*Collections*," *Abridgments*, *Compendia*, *Dictionaries*, *Commentaries*, *Selections*, &c., published during the 16th and 17th centuries. Foreign books are rich in these designs, varying in size from $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch to 4 inches. In the latter instances the flower baskets form the whole design, but more common are the flat, open-work, "*Corbeilles*" not "*Panier*"-shaped baskets, with winged children or birds flying towards, or supporting them.

Former articles have briefly dealt with the symbolism of the flowers, plants and fruits, always odoriferous, beneficent and refreshing, with which our baskets, vases and cornucopia are filled. They are all much more closely connected than at first appears, with the Unity of Nature, and the Harmonies of Orpheus, at the sound of whose music plants and flowers ever sprung† and even the mountain pine bowed its head. It is not improbable that, in some at least of the designs, the beautiful allegory of Adonis, and the doctrine of the "*New Birth*" or *Renaissance*, which that allegory envelopes, may be alluded to.

Plutarch describes the ceremonies, and grand solemnities, which took place at the time when the Festival of Adonis was celebrated. In Syria and Palestine, in Persia and in the Island of Cyprus, and especially at Athens, this festival was attended with the utmost magnificence. It figured "A death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness," and when the figure of the dead Adonis had been carried with funeral rites, weeping and wailings through the city, the

* See *De Aug* ii. 2—12. † *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1, *Song*.

solemnities concluded by a procession, when earthen vessels were carried in which were sown (together with flowers) springing grass, fruits, young trees, and lettuces. Suidas, Hesychius, and Theophrastus record these things, and add that at the end of the ceremony, "*they went and threw their portable gardens*" "*either into a fountain or into the sea,*" as a sacrifice to Adonis, and as a type of the seed-like soul, which was to attain new life and regeneration by being immersed in the Holy Spirit (*water*).*

Was Francis Bacon thinking of these things, when he wrote down in his private note book the entry "*Adonis Gardens,*"† and when in his later years he presented his old college with his works, thinking it right *to return to the fountain whence he drew the beginnings of knowledge the increase of the same?*

To the *Promus* note is added the comment, "Pleasures soon fading," and we cannot choose but think that, with reflections on the reproductive nature of truth, the Poet-Philosopher coupled a thought of the self-denial, the spirit of unselfishness, the absolute renunciation of personal interests, required in him who will thus consecrate his work. Was he not reminding himself (*and us by his example*) that the flowers and fruit, the whole produce of man's wit and industry, are but as pleasures, soon fading, unless they be "*sacrificed,*" cast bodily into the fountain, or into that ocean of knowledge which is for the use and benefit of the whole wide world?

Neither, lastly, must we forget the mystic basket, the sacred "Calathus" borne by Demeter or Ceres. She was "the golden-haired," "youth-rearing," "bright fruited," "splendour-gifted," goddess; she is Nature or "mother-earth," sister of the heavens and daughter of time.

This is not a poetic age. Hard facts only are in request. Poetry is temporarily banished, and imagination at a discount. But this cannot last. Poetry will resume her throne, and meanwhile there must surely be some, even amongst the most matter-of-fact, who will look with more interest at those quaint baskets and receptacles, when they think of them, not as mere "book-ornaments," but as symbolic designs, made with a purpose and recognised by the Brotherhood

* *Book of God* iii., 229. † *Promus*.

who hand them down, of labour and self-denial, by means of which our great literature was enriched and permanently endowed by Francis Bacon.

C. M. P.

CONTINUOUS CIPHER IN THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

PART II.

Midsummer Night's Dream (p. 159, col. 1).

[We may premise, for the information of our readers, that the cipher in this play appears to relate to a story somewhat similar to that of the play itself—that is, to the case of a nobleman's daughter who has set her affections upon a youth beneath her in rank, and contrary to the wishes of her father, who has other plans for her. After a good deal of heart-burning and distress, the matter is finally arranged, and the marriage is about to take place, on which occasion a dramatic entertainment is to be given, for which two rival companies compete, one of which we take to be that of Bacon; and the cipher-passage which follows appears to be the remarks of the manager of Bacon's company—possibly of Will Shaksper himself—in connection with the matter, criticising the rival play, and exulting over their having been successful in the competition.]

“IT is not a strong play; it goes not forward, and is marred by such tricks of the imagination, and hath such shapes and turns, it doth come to nothing. And then the name gives to it a local air and habitation not possible to it. *You* have the poet's pen, a man not unknown in *Athens* (England),* able to discharge forth all the bodies and forms of things† simply from heaven to the earth.

“He hath the best wit and imagination of any man in *A.* (England);* yea, and the poet's eye, too, doth glance from the

* England or London seems to be required here, although neither of them occurs in this play. *England* is the 267th word on page 163, twelve columns away. † Or the bodies and forms of all things.

earth to heaven ; and, for beauty of person, he is a very Helen's paramour, and the paragon, you must say, for a sweet voice. O that we had all been made such mad men, such shaping brains, such seething phantasies of imagination compact ! Then had our sport gone more forward."

"Masters, the Duke is there, and two or three married lords and ladies more than ever that apprehend our sport, and comprehend reason ; and the poet of vast imagination is coming ; one is nought ; and a lover, or lunatic, and more divels from the Temple,* are all coming if it is cool. Where are these actors ? Most courageous hearts, eat no onions nor garlic, dear lads, for we are to utter sweet breath or nothing. O most happy day ! I am out of the lion's claws for the hour, masters ! I will tell the Duke to meet you at the Palace presently, every man of you. All is, that you get your apparel together : new ribbands to your beards, good strings to your pumps. For the long and short of the thing is, as it fell out, our play is preferred. And hear : let not a man of us look o'er a word of his part, as it is short and sweet. They shall discourse wonders ! I will let *Thisbe* have clean linen, and tell him that plays the lion not pare his nails. But ask me not what for ; if I tell you that, I am not true Athenian. In any case, I will tell you everything."

[In the next column the scene changes, It is the evening after the wedding, and we may suppose the actors to be staying on at the Palace, and invited to pass the night. At a loss for something to do, one of them speaks :]

" . . . How shall we find what the revels are in hand ? There is the manager of this mirth ! Where is our usual play, my lord, to wear away this brief age of three hours—which is as long as ten—now between our after-supper and bed-time ? I long to have this play ; some strange and wondrous play, my lord, to ease the hot anguish of a tedious and torturing hour ! There is not one player of us all which doth not love to play in your royal masks, my lord with all [our] hearts. which is what makes us long for it more than bed and board, [though] we shall have but ten words—not more than one word—three dances, and long, tedious walks.

* *i.e.*, Lawyers from the Inner Temple.

"Call Ægeus.* Here, mighty Theseus.* Say what abridgment of a play, very merry and tragical, have you for this young evening? What brief scene of a maske? What music? How shall we beguile the lazy time with some delight sorting with a nuptial ceremony? With some satire, if not keen and critical? There are sports of learning that are rife of death! How many late deceast in beggary make a brief mourning for their choice of the thrice three Muses!

"Which will your highness see?"

[Then follows the enumeration of plays and masques much as in the text itself],

* * * * *

[Here follow the twenty pages of lists of words and calculations such as are seen on page 164, which we are forced to omit].

It will be perceived from these examples, that the same object may often be attained in more than one way. Indeed, we have given scarcely a tithe of the sections and formulas which we have written out in the deciphering of these columns. We have simply chosen those which appeared to tell the story in the shortest and directest way. Occasionally a word may be found wanting, but in every instance with only one or two exceptions, we have it in its proper connection, but did not wish to come on the pages of the Magazine with too much material of this kind. In one or two instances the word is not in the column, but we have not hesitated to insert it, feeling, as we did, altogether certain that it was intended, an assurance in which possibly some of our readers may not share.

Another point to which we desire to call attention, is the frequency with which the same modifiers, or combination of modifiers, are employed. This arises from the fact that we have worked hitherto in only 9 columns in all out of the whole 36 of which this play consists. But this only confirms the remark previously made, that there is a variety of ways and means of working, or of applying the cipher rule, as we have often observed in regard to other plays as well as this; and, although we have thus laboured at a consider-

* We take these to be stage names of the actors by which they were known among their fellows.

able disadvantage from the want of the best and most direct expedients, yet the results we believe to be the same, at least so far as they go.

And this leads to another observation with which we shall conclude this article, namely, that the simple grouping together in regular order of co-ordinates—by which we mean the words obtained by the simple counting down and up the column, or the reverse, of *the same number*—while not always sufficient, will frequently give satisfactory results, if followed by careful and judicious study; a statement which we believe is not true in the same way and to the same extent of any other printed book but the First Folio editions of the Shakespeare plays.

E. GOULD.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

IN summing up evidence as to *Shakespeare's* legal knowledge, Lord Campbell expresses his amazement at the number of “judicial phrases and forensic allusions” which he has discovered, and at the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced. He adds this remark: “He is doubtless equally accurate in referring to other professions, *but these references are rare*, and comparatively slight.” Then he cites the passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, which gives a picture of the apothecary and his shop. “Any observing customer who had once entered the shop to buy a dose of rhubarb might have safely given a similar account of what he saw, although utterly ignorant of Galen and Hippocrates.”

We need not stop to discuss the question of whether or no a certain description of an Italian apothecary's shop, published in Bacon's time, suggested the sketch in *Romeo and Juliet*, but it may fairly be argued that Lord Campbell must have been best qualified to observe, because he best understood allusions which especially appealed to his own experience and line of study.

The passages which we propose to place before you in BAUCONIANA are a few extracted from a large collection which has been made with the view of testing the similarity or identity of knowledge and

observation between authentic works of Bacon and the *Shakespeare* plays. Although the few specimens which can here be introduced will inadequately represent the richness of the poetic figures which are based upon scientific facts, yet it is hoped that the hints afforded will enable students to satisfy themselves that both the matter, and the method of handling medical and pathological details, prove, in the poet, no ordinary superficial acquaintance with the subjects in hand. Yet there is no ground for supposing that studies such as these allusions involve, formed any part of popular instruction in the 16th century, or that many statements made by Bacon were so much as allowed as facts, beyond the charmed circle of "learned and authentic fellows" of whom Lafeu in *All's Well* intimated that they knew all about Galen and Paracelsus.

If we assume these things to have been common property, and that any person of ordinary intelligence would be acquainted with them, *Why, then, we ask, did the learned Verulam*, the "father of experimental science," *trouble himself to write elementary notes*, "Rules and Explanations," *with regard to these topics?*

About 62 diseases, and ills that flesh is heir to, are found mentioned in *Shakespeare*. They are all treated of, at more or less length, in the *Sylva Sylvarum* or Natural History, and in the *History of Life and Death*. In order to economise space, we think it best for the present to content ourselves with simply bringing together, in alphabetical order, some passages where the knowledge displayed in the plays is plainly seen written down as matter worthy of attention (and usually as *something not generally known*) in Bacon's scientific works.

Aches and ailments increased by damp weather, damp, marshy abodes, &c.

"In men, aches, and hurts, and corns, do engrieve either towards rain, or towards frost, for the one maketh the humours more to abound; and the gout maketh them sharper. So we see, both extremes bring the gout."—*Sylva Sylvarum* 828.

Cal. "As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!"

Pros. "For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, forth at vast of night, that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em." *Temp.* i. 2.

"Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound."
M. N. D. ii. 2.

"My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague."
Mer. Ven. i. 1.

"And youthful still ! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day !" — *Mer. Wives* iii. 1.

"Marshes and fens are . . . prejudicial," &c. — *History of Life and Death.*

"The north wind is bad for consumption, cough, the gout, or any sharp humour.
In a south wind . . . pestilential diseases are more frequent, catarrhs common."

Hist. Winds, 25 Qualities.

Bru. "Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning."

Por. "Nor for yours neither
.
Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus."

Jul. Cæs. ii. 1.

Tim. "O blessed bleeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb

Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature."

Tim. Ath. iv. 3.

"Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries !"—*Tr. Cr.* v. 1.

Air Salubrious—Insalubrious.

"The salubrity of the air . . . is a mysterious thing. . . . The equality of the air, as well as the goodness and purity, is important for longevity. Variety of hill and valley, though pleasant to the eye and sense, is suspected with regard to longevity. . . . Change of air in travelling is nourishing and restoring. . . . The heart receives the most benefit from the air we breathe."—*History of Life and Death.*

"The south-fog rot him !"—*Cymb.* ii. 3.

"There should be much diligence used in the choice of places, as it were, for tasting the air, to discover the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of the seats of dwellings . . . mansion-houses. For the choices of seats, it is good to make trial of the moisture or dryness of the air, and the temper of it. . . . Birds, as swallows, change their countries at certain seasons, and, living in the open air, *sub dio*, have a quicker impression from the air than men that live most within doors."

Condensed from Sylv. Sylv. 777—822.

Dun. "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses."

Ban. "This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here: no jutties, frieze,

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate."

"The morning air is certainly more invigorating, though the evening is preferred for enjoyment and delicacy."—*Hist. L. & D.*

Adr. "(The air) must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance."

Ant. "Temperance was a delicate wench."

Seb. "Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered."

Adr. "The air breathes upon us here most sweetly."

Seb. "As if it had lungs and rotten ones."

Ant. "Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen."

Gon. "Here is everything advantageous to life." *Temp.* ii. 1.

Afternoon Sleep.

"In aged men and weak bodies, a short sleep after dinner doth help to nourish."—*Sylv. Sylv.* i. 57.

"Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always, of an afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole."

Ham. i. 5.

"Death . . . as an after-dinner's sleep."

M. M. iii. 1.

Apoplexy a Kind of Lethargy.

"The living spirit requires motion for its subsistence. . . Strong narcotics congeal the spirits, and deprive them of motion. . . . Blood entering into the ventricles of the brain causes instant death. . . . There are two great precursors of death, the one sent from the head, the other from the heart, namely—convulsions . . . and extreme labour of the pulse. . . . In apoplectic fits the best thing is a heated frying-pan, &c."—Condensed from *Hist. L. & D. Rules.*

"Frasicatorius invented a remedy for apoplectic fits, by placing a heated pan at some distance round the head, for by this means the spirits that were suffocated and congealed in the brain, and oppressed by the humours were dilated, excited, and revived."—*Hist. Dense and Rare.*

“There is a kind of dulness, almost a lethargy, in this age.”

Ch. against Talbot.

Fal. “And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.”

Ch. Just. “Well, God mend him ! I pray you, let me speak with you.”

Fal. “This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an’t please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.”

Ch. Just. “What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.”

Fal. “It hath it original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain : I have read the cause of his effects in Galen : it is a kind of deafness.”

Ch. Just. “I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.”

Fal. “Very well, my lord, very well : rather, an’t please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.”—2 *Hen. IV.* 1, 2.

Boy. “Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he’s very ill.”

Nym. “The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that’s the even of it.”

Pist. “Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured and corroborate.”

Hen. V. ii. 1.

First Serv. “Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it’s spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible.”—*Cor.* iv. 5.

“Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex’d; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne’er so thrall’d
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was’t
That thus hath cozen’d you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope." *Ham.* iii. 4.

"Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Lear i. 4.

Appetite Moved by Things Dry, Sharp, Sour.

"Appetite is moved chiefly by things that are cold and dry, for that cold is a kind of indigence, and calleth for supply; and so is dryness: and, therefore, all sour things as vinegar, juice of lemons, &c., provoke appetite . . . onions, salt and pepper . . . wormwood, olives, capers, and others of that kind, move appetite. . . . Hunger is an emptiness, yet over-fasting doth many times cause the appetite to cease; for that want of meat maketh the stomach draw humours, and such humours are light and choleric, quench appetite."—*Sylva Sylvarum* 831.

"Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite."

Tit. And. iii. 1.

"Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach."

Per. iv. 1.

"Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues."

Tit. And. iii. 1.

Achil. "Who's there?"

Patr. "Thersites, my lord."

Achil. "Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?"

Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

"Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have."

Oth. iv. 3.

Sir And. "Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't."

Fab. "Is't so saucy?"

Sir And. "Ay, is't, I warrant him." *Tw. N. i. 1.*

Boyet. "Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity. . . ."

Maria. "We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink."

Biron. "This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet."

Ros. "Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,"

L. L. L. v. 2.

Appetite Sharpens Digestion and is Encouraged by Sauces.

"The stomach, liver, heart are the seats of digestion . . . the stomach should be kept in good appetite, for appetite sharpens digestion."—*Hist. L. D. vi. 4.*

"The saying which forbids many dishes . . . is prejudicial to longevity, because the mixture of ailments has great power to excite the appetite which is the spur of the digestion ; . . . good and well-chosen sauces are the most healthy preparations of food. . . . Plato resembled Rhetoric to cookery, which corrupted wholesome meats, and, by a variety of sauces, made wholesome ones more palatable."—*Adv. L. vi. 2.*

"The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at home ;
From thence the *sauce to meat is ceremony* ;
Meeting were bare without it."

Macb. "Sweet remembrancer !
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both ! " *Macb.* iii. 4.

Mer. "Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening ; it is a most sharp sauce."

Rom. "And is it not well served in to a sweet goose ? "
Rom. Jul. ii. 4.

"His folly sauced with discretion : "
Tr. Cr. i. 2.

Beat. "Will you not eat your word ? "

Bene. "With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee."—*M. Ado* iv. 1.

"As fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,
 I'll sauce her with bitter words."
As You Like It iii. 5.

"However he puts on this tardy form.
 This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
 Which gives men stomach to digest his words
 With better appetite."
Jul. Cæs. i. 2.

"Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
 I prithee go and get me some repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ? "

Kath. "A dish that I do love to feed upon."

Gru. "Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little."

Kath. "Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest."

Gru. "Nay then, I will not : you shall have the mustard,
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio."

Kath. "Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt."

Gru. "Why then, the mustard, without the beef."

Kath. "Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
 That feed'st me with the very name of meat."
Tam. Sh. iv. 3.

(Note how the sly servant here offers his starving mistress the very condiment which would be a "spur" to her appetite.)

Appetite increased by Strange Tastes—Caviare.

We see how discords in music, falling upon concords, make the

sweetest strains : and we see again what strange tastes delight the taste, as redherring, *Caviare*.

Ham. "I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once ; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas *Caviare* to the general : but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation ; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine."—*Ham*. ii. 2.

Balm to Heal Wounds.

Visit all the parts of your state. Let the balm distil everywhere from your sovereign hands, *to the medicining of any part that complaineth*."—*Gesta Grayorum*.

"I did commend her Majesty's mercy, terming it an excellent balm that did continually distil from her sovereign hands." *Apologia*.

"I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears."

3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8.

"But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it." *Tr. Cr.* i. 1.

"I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this ?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ?"

Tim. Ath. iii. 5.

Bleeding—Blood-letting.

"I think that no physician will go on with much letting of blood in *declinatione morbi*, but will intend to purge and corroborate." (*To Cecil* 1602. *Rep. in Sp: of Service in Ireland, 1602.*) "Blood-

lettings are not oftener necessary in medicine than executions in states."—(*De Aug.* vi. 3.)

K. Rich. "Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision ;
Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed ;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son."

(*R. II.* i.)

"Safety and preservation is to be preferred before benefit ; . . . the patient will ever part with some of his blood to save and clear the rest."—(*Sp : Subsidy*, 1597-8.)

Arch. "Wherefore do I this ? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end : we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it : of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men ;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life."

(*2 Hen. IV.* iv. 2.)

Bleeding Inwards.

"Take away liberty of Parliament, the griefs of the subject will bleed inwards." (*Sp : of K's Message.*) "These things might be dissembled, and so things left to bleed inwards ; but that is not the way to cure them. And, therefore, I have searched the sore in hope that you will endeavour to bring the medicine."—(*Sp : of Undertakers*, 1614.)

"Bleeding inwards, and shut vapours strangle and oppress most."

(*Hist. Hen. VII.*)

"My heart bleeds inwardly." (*2 Hen. IV.* ii. 3.)

"I bleed inwardly for my lord." (*Tim. Ath. i. 2.*)

Bleeding Inwards: Imposthumes.

"To give moderate liberty for griefs . . . is a safe way ; for he that suppresses them . . . and maketh the wound to bleed inwardly, endangereth malign ulcers, and pernicious imposthumations."—(*Ess. Seditions.*)

Ham. "Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw :
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies." (*Ham. iv. 4.*)

OUR BOOKSHELF.

A PRETTY and dainty booklet comes to us for review, bearing as title the name, "Christ in Shakspeare."* The charms of its outward appearance are readily attested to ; those of its *inward* are less apparent. The whole "get up" of the book is charming, and most appropriate, the type and rough cut paper all that it should be, but a great many of the comparisons seem far-fetched ; indeed, in some cases, one can find no sequence of idea in the quotations given, though some of the parallels are extremely apt and ingenious. That Bacon (Shakespeare) was greatly influenced in his writings by a close study of the Bible, we do not need Mr. Ellis to point out to us ; but his book is a great help to Shakespeare students, as being portable, clear, and comprehensive. We only "fall foul" of the *triteness* that characterizes his remarks. For instance, on page 49 : "The poet meditates on the good and evil influences ever acting upon mankind to their happy freedom from strife, or to their unrest and confusion," etc., etc., illustrating this moral sentiment by certain texts from both Old and New Testaments, and the Casket Scene from the "Merchant of Venice."

Mr. Ellis uses throughout "The Fountaine" Edition of the Bible, Geneva Version, dating from 1559—1620. Each Play has a section to itself, which is closed by a "testimony," or "parallel testimony," from some author. Some of these "testimonies" are extremely well chosen, though some of them hardly seem to bear on *Will Shakspeare*, however apt they are for *Bacon*. For instance, the quotation from Carlyle, on page 146 : "As to

* Published by Houlston and Sons. Price 3/6.

his life, what a beautiful life was that, amid trials enough to break the heart of any other man. Poverty, and a mean, poor destiny," etc., etc. We do not think that Carlyle was justified in saying that Will Shakspeare was born to *poverty*; he was *middle-class*, but not by any means a *beggar*; and as he left Stratford *poor*, because he chose to run away from home, and returned rich and prosperous to his deserted wife, one hardly sees where the *trials* came in!

We see at the beginning of the book that this is the Second Edition, and we are given the opportunity of reading all that the great of the land have said about the First Edition. The criticism which pleases us most, and which we feel constrained to echo, is that of the Dean of Rochester: "It was a happy and holy ambition to associate Shakespeare with the only writings more beautiful than his own;" and give to Mr. Ellis our meed of praise for his efforts, even though he is by no means the first who has touched on this subject; and though he has in many places, while straining after the gnat of aptness, made us swallow the camel of far-fetchédness.

E. B. Wood.

NOTICES.

We much regret that owing to the small amount of space at our command, and to the fact that certain articles had already lain over long in our "Editors' Drawer," the paper read by Mr. R. M. Theobald before the Bacon Society, on May 17th, has had to be "held over" till January, 1898.

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